



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

BANCROFT'S LAST VOLUME.



VOLUME I. of Bancroft's History of the American Revolution attracts considerable attention for various reasons. Among others, for the discrepancies arising from the omission of authority citation.

He makes statements of a very serious character, contravening received accounts, yet fails to prove the correctness of his assertions by giving his sources of information. No author can presume upon such immunity; and if Mr. Bancroft supposes his word sufficient to set aside old impressions, to create new judgments, he is presuming too much. Where there are two sides to opinions of men, two views of policy and principles, it is folly to infer the public is to be made to acquiesce in the dictum of any historiographer, particularly when he is known to entertain prejudices inimical to one large class of men and their policy. The authority for his statements is demanded, that it may be put to the test of a severe scrutiny—then, if he is right, he is all the more secure of his position; if he is wrong, he is liable to correction. In the absence of that scrutiny, no work can become received authority; and a failure of the writer to cite his authors argues either a fear of successful contradiction, or a dogmatism of a reprehensible nature. Macaulay, with all his power and brilliant reputation, has not been able to sustain his view of William Penn—forced to give his authority, the sources of his statements have been re-explored; the consequence is, the historian has been driven to acknowledgments of his error, however unpalatable such acknowledgments may have been. Mr. Bancroft, while he cannot claim more than the decimal of Macaulay's greatness, should not count upon a more than Macaulay's immunity; if he does, it is weakness, not strength, as he will find. If Hildreth is partisan, and federalist in sympathy, he is candid in his avowals of such feeling, and boldly challenges investigation into his statements by full citation of his authors; and Mr. Bancroft cannot do less with his anti-federalist and radically-democratic prejudices.

We may extract from the volume the following, as showing something of the style of composition, and the spirit which

animates the narration. Speaking of Dr. Johnson, he says:

"Had Johnson been truly a man of genius, he would have escaped the shame of having, in his old age, aimed at freedom the feeble shaft which was meant to have carried ruin. In spite of the ostentatious pomp of his morality, his own heart was riveted to the earth. At the last he cowered under the fear of dissolution as though death were an enemy; sacrificing his limbs in the vain hope of breathing though but a few hours more; unable, in the moment of change, to fix his eye on God, or to grasp eternity—the emblem of the old political system, which also lay on its deathbed, helplessly longing to live on. His name is never breathed as a watchword; his writings never thrill as oracles."

"Johnson was a poor man's son, and had himself tasted the bitter cup of extreme indigence. His father left no more than twenty pounds. To bury his mother, and pay her little debts, he had written *Rasselas*. For years he had gained a precarious support as an author. He had paced the streets of London all night long, from not having where to lay his head; he had escaped a prison for a trifle he owed, by begging an alms of Richardson; had broken his bread with poverty, and had even known what it is, from sheer want, to go without a dinner. When better days came, he loved the poor as few else love them; and he nursed in his house whole nests of the lame, the blind, the sick, and the sorrowful. A man who had thus sturdily battled with social evils, and was so keenly touched by the wretchedness of the down-trodden, deserved to have been able to feel for an injured people," &c.

In this case citations of authority were, perhaps, needless; for the estimate placed upon that great and good man's character and labors betrays a prevarication, rendered necessary in order to make a case and point a paragraph. That Dr. Johnson was a great man, his own works and the opinions entertained by the vast majority of scholars testify—that he was good, noble-hearted, benevolent to a fault, even Mr. Bancroft's blindness has been forced to see and to confess—that "the sturdy old bear" had strong superstitions, strange prejudices, and childish weaknesses, none pretend to deny; but what kind of criticism, what sagacity is it, what justice, that writes out the ill humors of the sickly body and morbidly-diseased con-

stitution, and refuses to apprehend the mental greatness which lies behind them all, like an Alpine background to the unhealthy valley below? The American historian is not so intellectually obtuse as to be unable to comprehend such a mental phenomenon as the great essayist, critic, lexicographer, and politician; for his own "Essays" upon German and English literature prove him to be a discriminative reader. We must, therefore, impute the opinion passed upon Dr. Johnson as one of passion, not of judgment; and if it reflects upon his literary sagacity, it also betrays the animus of the work, and makes us suspicious of opinions passed upon others, upon principles, and movements, thus rendering "Your authority, sir!" a very imperative call. If future volumes do not possess the desired key, we imagine they will be more severely overhauled than will be comfortable for the historian's feelings or fame.

Mr. PRICE, a Worcester artist, is the author of the most ingenious and successful process yet discovered, for applying photography to wood for engraving purposes. The plan consists simply in preparing the wooden blocks, first of all, with a solution of asphaltum or bitumen, ether, and lampblack, rubbed into the pores of the wood. This ethereal solution of asphalt is put on the surface of the block with a rag, brush, or sponge, and then some fine lampblack is also rubbed in dry; the surface of the block is afterwards polished on a cushion, when it acquires a smooth, jet-black, glossy appearance. After this, it is treated by the common photographic process, namely, coated with collodion, rendered sensitive by nitrate of silver, then put into the camera, the picture taken, then fixed and dried in the usual manner. The whole process does not occupy more than ten minutes of time.

TEARS.

Thank God, bless God, all ye who suffer not
More grief than ye can weep for. That is well—
That is light grieving! lighter none befell,
Since Adam forfeited the primal lot.
Tears! what are tears? The babe weeps in its cot;
The mother singing; at her marriage-bell
The bride weeps; and before the oracle
Of high-faned hills, the poet hath forgot
That moisture on his cheeks. Thank God for grace,
Whoever weep; albeit, as some have done,
Ye grope tear-blinded, in a desert place,
And touch but tombs—look up! Those tears will run
Soon, in long rivers, down the lifted face,
And leave the vision clear for stars and sun.

Mrs. BROWNING.